

THE NEBRASKA ADVERTISER

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THE MOOR LOCH.

Among the lonely hills it lies,
Deep, dark, and still;
And mirrors back the changeful skies,
The sun, moon, stars, the bird that flies,
The broad, brown-shouldered hill.

The world's wide voice is silent here:
The cries of men,
The sob, the laugh, the hope, the fear,
The things which make earth sad and dear,
Lie all beneath its ken.

And only he who comes from far,
Seeking the deep
Communion sweet with sun and star,
Knows of the calm and joy that are
In its vast stillness sleep.

For here the eternal soul holds speech,
Yet makes no sound;
With naught but clouds which one might reach,
The black flood, the untrodden beach,
And harkening space, around.

Time and the things of Time are not:
The path we tread
Ends with the world's end here, and
Thought

Can neither see nor dream of aught
Save man's own heart and God.
—Robert Bain, in Chambers' Journal.

The World Against Him

By WILL N. HARBEN.

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CHAPTER XII.

Twenty minutes later they were in the sheriff's buggy, on the way to Danube. Ratcliff had put a cheap cigar between his teeth, but he was not going to light it till they were entering the town.

"That's one disagreeable feature," he remarked. "At first, my idea was to hurry up an' git it over, so you wouldn't have to go to jail at all; but it has just struck me that this is Saturday, an' it is sometimes awkward work to have a trial the last day o' the week. You see the prosecution will want to summon Thad Williams, an' that will take time. Then, as to-morrow is Sunday, you may have obligeed to wait over till Monday."

Ratcliff told him that it would make little difference to him whether he spent the time in jail or out.

"You feel that way now," commented the sheriff, "but you will feel different when you git in there, at least that's my experience with prisoners. A jail house is like a woman's bonnet; it has a better look from the outside than the inside."

Just before driving into the public square Ratcliff struck a match and applied the flame to his cigar, then he drew himself up more erectly and drove on to the office of Judge Richardson, the magistrate. A man coming out told Ratcliff that the judge had gone out to his farm to spend Sunday.

"You see," said Ratcliff, as he puffed, and seemed to view himself from the standpoint of a group of citizens who had gathered on the sidewalk and whose eyes were asking what had happened. One of the crowd stepped out to the buggy and asked if Ronald was under arrest, but he received only a non-committal grin and a shrug as Ratcliff turned his horse towards the jail, a modern red brick structure adjoining the courthouse in the center of the town. When they arrived the jailer, a short, thickset man, with a bald spot on his head, was playing checkers in the yard with the ordinary of the county. The jailer answered to his name reluctantly, without looking up from the board.

"You'd better git up from there," called out Ratcliff, jocularly. "The taxpayers say they are tired o' payin' you fellers wages to draw flies like sleepin' niggers in the courthouse square."

The jailer frowned a king and got up from the grass with a lingering backward glance at the hand of his opponent. "What's wanted?" he asked as he drew near the buggy.

"Mr. Henderson, you remember Mr. Fanshaw, of Honeycutt District," reminded Ratcliff. "He's the feller that helped me out last summer with that lynchin' crowd over our way. Well, he's settled Syd Hart's hash to-day an' will have to register at yore shebang till Monday, I reckon. I want you to make 'im comfortable, Jeff; he's a friend o' mine."

"I'll do the best I can," promised the jailer; "but you know all the cells are alike."

They followed him into the jail and up the stone steps to a heavy iron door at the head of the stairs. The room was too large to be called a cell. It was light, having four windows, which were heavily barred, and a bed that was faultlessly clean. As Ratcliff and the jailer were leaving, the sheriff asked Ronald if he could do anything for him.

Ronald told him he could think of nothing; indeed, he could think of nothing at the moment but Syd Hart's eyes—Syd Hart's blood.

"You'll have to have a lawyer," suggested Ratcliff.

"Then send Mr. Redding to me," said the prisoner.

When they had left him, Ronald threw himself on the bed and stared up at the ceiling. Hart's corpse had a way of coming before him with new force each time that it made its appearance. It approached him now in solitude oftener and with more tenacious reality than ever. The afternoon died slowly. It began to grow colder as the sun went down, and the light against the western sky turned from yellow to gray. Once he fancied he saw the body on the floor by his bed, in the shadow, just as it was lying when he had last beheld it. Almost with a prayer for protection he turned his face away and stifled a scream, and yet the feeling of actual guilt had not come to him. He tried to draw Evelyn into his thoughts, but there was cold comfort in the memory that he had blighted her life as well as his own. Could he have done so then, he would have killed her affection for him that she might have the peace of soul that was denied him. He heard steps on the stairs and a key rattled in the lock of a little iron door in the wall, and through it came a woman's voice:

"Here's yore supper, Mr. Fanshaw."

It was the jailer's wife, and he arose and took the plate of food and cup of hot coffee from her hands.

"Mr. Ratcliff stopped at the door just now," she said, in a cold, methodical tone, "an' he said tell you Mr. Reddin' was out in the country, but he'd left word at his house fur 'im to come an' see you as soon as he got back."

When she had gone, Ronald put the plate on the bed (there was no table in the room) and washed his hands and face in the tin basin, but somehow the cold water added to the general chill that was on him and he quickly dried himself on a towel. The sight of the food gave him a touch of nausea; he started to drink the coffee, but remembered that coffee at night made him restless, and he wanted to sleep. He went to the window which commanded the widest view of the buildings round the prison. A negro on a bony horse was lighting the gas along the avenue, which stretched out till, on a distant hillside, it lost itself in the clouds. Two churches were within sight, and they were being lighted. The choirs were going to meet to practice for the service on the morrow. The nearest bell was rung. The night fell like a threat of coming terror.

He had another vision of the dead man. This time Syd lay covered with a white sheet in the sitting-room of his own home. Round the walls of the room sat the neighbors discussing his man's many virtues and his untimely end. He saw a white-haired mother, and old man Hart, from whom Syd had inherited his intrepid, turbulent spirit.

"Some men," shuddered our hero, "could justify themselves in such a case as this, but I shall never be able to forget. My ideal man—the Master of the World—would have found a way to avoid what I did. If only I had offered no resistance. Syd Hart would have been alive, and I—and Evelyn—"

There his agony overwhelmed him and he threw himself on his bed again and pressed his hands over his eyes. The strains of an organ swelled up from the nearer church and stole into his room; voices began to sing. The singers broke down and merry laughter—the laughter of free, hopeful people—rolled after the fleeing strains of music.

Suddenly there was a sound of a key being pushed into the lock and the big door swung open. The voice of the jailer cried:

"Wake up there, Mr. Fanshaw, I've fetched yore brother up to see you!"

Dave came in with a candle which the jailer had given him, and he stood with it in his hand, awkwardly shifting his big feet in their new shoes, till the jailer had locked the door and had gone.

"I come on, Ron," he said, "as soon as I could after I got home, and Miss Hasbrooke had drove up the second time to tell me what you'd said. She loved she had took you to the sheriff's house. She was a-ryin' as if 'er heart ud break—she could hardly talk. She begged me to come on an' offered me money to buy anything that might be needed."

"I hope you didn't take it, Dave," burst from the prisoner's lips.

"No, I didn't take it; somehow I didn't think you would want help from a woman—you are not that sort."

"What do people think about it, Dave?" Ronald took the candle from the poor fellow's quivering hand and placed it on a little shelf on the wall.

"Sympathy's always with the dead, at first," answered Dave. "I never have heard as many good things said about George Washington as I have about Syd Hart in the last three hours."

Ronald sighed despondently.

"I presume that they blame me?"

"Some few 'lowed that you ort not a-bucked agin 'im that night at the swamp."

"But the boy was innocent," said our hero.

"That's a fact, Ron; but mountain folks don't reason that way; they only remember how mad you made 'im when you turned his cake to dough. They don't admit that you was right, kase they don't want to know how nigh they come to murder that night."

The nigger that did the deed has long ago met his God, but some of 'em try to believe he was innocent. Let a body have even a spindlin' excuse, and he'll clear his own skirts. Do you reckon they will let you out on bail?"

"Mr. Ratcliff is going to help me try for it," replied the prisoner. "We shall not know what can be done till after the trial Monday."

Dave moved towards the door, as if he were ready to go, but he lingered. "I reckon," he said, as his eyes roved about the bare room, "that you feel a little lonesome heer." Receiving a nod from his brother, he went on: "You needn't look to pa for help. Bill Tygh hinted to 'im this evenin' that folks would naturally expect him to sign yore bond, an' it made 'im as mad as a wet hen. He swore like rips fur fully five minutes on a stretch, an' said some'n about yore bein' no son o' his'n. Ma run out to him an' slapped 'er hand smack dab over his mouth, an' tol' 'im to shet up ur she'd make 'im regret it to his dyin' day. They both went off in the smokehouse, joverin' like cats a-fightin'. I slid up agin the wall o' the smokehouse to see ef I could make out what was wrong. Thar they had it up an' down fur half an hour, but I couldn't catch head n'r tail of it. It seemed like pa had committed some crime or other durin' the war, up in Tennessee, an' she was threatenin' to give him away. They kept bringin' yore name into the fuss, but I couldn't tell why they did it. You was too little durin' the war to 'a' done anything wrong."

Ronald made no comment on these remarks; indeed he had caught only about half of what his brother was saying, so far away were his thoughts from any row between his mother and father.

Noting his inattention, Dave shook the iron door, the signal agreed on between him and the jailer to indicate his readiness to go. "I've got a long ride before me," he explained. "I'll be in Monday sure."

And when the jailer and Dave had departed with the candle, Ronald lay down on his bed to spend his first night after killing a man.

CHAPTER XIII.

When Evelyn reached home, after leaving the message with Dave, she found her sister waiting for her in the garden. Caroline Hasbrooke said nothing until the groom had led away



THE NIGHT FELL LIKE A THREAT OF COMING TERROR.

the pony, then, with a malicious glance at Evelyn, she opened up:

"I guess you've heard about Ronald Fanshaw."

Evelyn nodded; she could not trust her voice to calm utterance just then; besides, it behooved her to dissemble.

"He has murdered Sydney Hart."

Evelyn drew a quick breath and retorted:

"He did it in self-defense—absolutely in self-defense!"

"I don't believe a word of it."

Evelyn bowed her head, and passed on up the steps, realizing that even if she could justify her lover in Caroline's eyes it would not benefit his cause in the slightest, and she had heart for nothing that could not lighten his woe. But Miss Hasbrooke was not satisfied. Nagging was an amusement to which every brain-cell she possessed was adapted. She followed Evelyn into her room and closed the door with significant care and softness.

"So you see what you escaped." This was her first shot, and she coolly ranged her guns again on Evelyn, who stood at the dresser, removing her gloves and hat.

"I don't understand you," said Evelyn.

Caroline came a step nearer, her sharp eyes flashing.

"You came within an inch of falling in love with him last summer. Capt. Winkle has told me a thing or two. I intended to report it to father if you had not changed your tactics. Suppose you had let your silly romanticism run on, how would you have felt now?"

This sort of goading was maddening. Evelyn turned upon the offender. "I don't see how I could be more miserable than I am," she said, with sharp frankness of voice and look.

The elder girl grasped the speaker's arm and her bony fingers tightened on it. "Evelyn," she said, raspingly, "you are not in love with that man?"

"More deeply, Caroline, than you will ever love—or ever could love anybody with that stony heart of yours. Yes, I love him! If it would give him one moment's relief, I'd go to his cell to-night and share his sufferings."

"Evelyn Hasbrooke!" Caroline stood like a figure of stone. "You cannot mean it!"

But Evelyn simply sank into a chair in the semi-darkness of the room. Her sister's voice sounded as if it came from a great distance.

"I shall not tell father," Caroline was saying. "It would humble him to the dust. It would simply break his heart."

She paused. The plantation bell rang for the last time. It was a signal for all loiterers in the fields to come into the quarter, a custom which had been kept alive since the days of slavery. The elder sister drew up a chair and sat down near Evelyn.

"Tell me how it came about," she said.

For a moment Evelyn seemed drawn out of a stupor of gloomy reflections. "He had threatened to kill Ronald," she began—"to kill him on sight—and Ronald's brother gave him a—"

"Oh, I mean how did you ever happen to fall in love with such a creature as he is?" broke in Miss Hasbrooke, almost angrily. "How can you admit such a thing, when you remember who and what the Hasbrookes are?"

"I have never thought of them as being gods, nor even angels," Evelyn blurted out, and then she laid a firm, determined hand on her sister's arm. "I must beg you, Caroline, to leave me alone this evening. I cannot bear to hear you run him down for what he cannot help. Please go!"

Caroline drew herself up from her chair and moved to the door with a step full of dire prophecy. "I shall not tell father," she repeated. "No, I shall not tell him."

"But I shall," answered Evelyn. "I am helpless to aid the man I love—the man I'd die for willingly, but I shall not conceal the truth from a single soul. At least I can do that much. I can be true to him. I shall not deny him."

Caroline leaned on the swinging door, her cold, vindictive face rested on her arm. It was on the tip of her tongue to make an angry retort, but she evidently thought dumb silence on her part would be more crushing, so with a look of forced incredulity on her face she turned away. "I shall not tell father," came like a belated echo from the hall. "I shall not be the one to break his heart."

The colonel had come in from a tiresome ride across his domain and sat in his study looking over some legal papers. The soft light of a German student lamp brought his fine face out strongly and clearly from the darkness round him. He had spread the papers on the top of his mahogany desk. Only the day before he had insured his life for another large amount, and he was thinking of making a will which would divide his property equally between his two daughters. One of the servants approached with a card.

"Tell Capt. Winkle," said he, as he glanced at the card, "that I cannot see him to-night, unless it is something of importance."

"He said it was very important, sub."

The old man fumbled his papers with nervous fingers.

"It has come at last," was the thought in his mind; "but she shall not be coerced. I shall never ask a child of mine to marry against her inclinations, and Evelyn has acted strangely in regard to him."

"Well, send him in here, Nebo, and then see that we are not disturbed."

Col. Hasbrooke opened the door of a big iron safe and thrust into it his papers. He remained standing, his eyes on the door. Capt. Winkle wore riding boots and held his gloves and whip in his hands as he entered.

"I dropped in only for a minute, colonel." That was his greeting, but it was a cold one, unlike the young officer's usual suavity. Indeed, his tone seemed almost to carry a menace. The colonel's perception was keen, and he fell to wondering and drawing hasty deductions.

"You are always welcome at Carnleigh, Capt. Winkle. Nebo, take the captain's things. What will you drink, sir?"

Winkle waved the servant away, and stood watching him till he had gone, then he leaned on the back of a chair.

"I called to see you in regard to your daughter," he said, still coldly. "I hope you will pardon the informality of my visit, colonel."

"I must admit that I suspected that you might wish to speak of her—of Evelyn," answered the old man, now reassured as to Winkle's intentions.

[To Be Continued.]

Others Similarly Afflicted.

"I want you to tell me plainly, doctor," said the man with the fat government position, "what is the matter with me?"

"Well, sir," answered the old doctor, leaning back in his chair and looking at his beefy, red-faced patient, "you are suffering from under-work and overpay."—Chicago Tribune.

REPLY TO HARRISON.

Senator Foraker Takes Exception to Ex-President's Speech.

Argues That the Porto Rican Tariff Was an Indispensable Necessity and Has Proved a Blessing to the Islanders.

Cincinnati, Dec. 29.—Senator J. B. Foraker has made a reply to the recent speech at Ann Arbor, Mich., of Former President Benjamin Harrison, in which Mr. Harrison criticised the Porto Rican policy of the government, characterizing it as a departure from correct principles. Senator Foraker said on this point:

All the questions arising upon the Porto Rican legislation are soon to be passed upon by the supreme court. For that reason I do not care to discuss them at this time but it is in order to say that the view taken by congress, as reflected by that legislation, was creditable to the generosity, the patriotism and the industrial spirit of the American people. We found Porto Rico as poor as poverty could make her. She had no money, no credit, no system of taxation of any kind. She wanted a civil government and a revenue to support it. We gave her a far more liberal civil government than was ever given to any territory prior to the civil war, so far as participation in it by her people is concerned, and we dealt by her more generously in providing support for that government than we have ever yet dealt with any territory.

In requiring her to pay tariff duties on imports from foreign countries we did only what we did with Louisiana, Florida, California and all our other territories; but in allowing her to put these duties, when collected, into her own treasury for the support of her local government we did what was never done before for anybody else; for in all other cases we have not only required the payment of these same duties but we have also required them, when they were collected, to be paid into the national treasury at Washington for the common benefit of the whole country; and, as to duties on commerce between Porto Rico and the United States, we did not levy 15 per cent., but we remitted 85 per cent. of the existing rates on a number of articles, and the whole duty on all the rest, and provided that the 15 per cent. should be remitted on and after March 1, 1902, or sooner if the legislature of Porto Rico shall so provide, and that in the meanwhile all collections of this 15 per cent., both there and in the United States, shall be paid over to Porto Rico for her own support. We made this provision because it was the easiest and least burdensome way possible to raise indispensable revenue for their government, and not because it was in any sense of any benefit to either our government or our people.

The Porto Rican legislature is now in session, but neither that body nor any member of it nor anybody else, has taken any step to repeal or alter the tax system so imposed by congress. On the contrary, all concerned alike testify to the highest satisfaction with what congress has done, and the request will be almost unanimously made that the provisions enacted may be continued, if not indefinitely at least until some satisfactory system of proper taxation may be submitted. In addition it should be stated that congress, also in the same generous spirit, exempted Porto Rico from all irregular revenue taxation—another favor never before extended on any part of our people anywhere.

Yes, it is true that the legislation for Porto Rico was a "departure," but it is not true that it was a departure "from correct principles."

SHIP BRINGS STRANGE NEWS

Vessel from New Guinea and Queensland Gives Account of Fights with Pirates and of Cannibalism.

Victoria, B. C., Dec. 29.—That piracy is not dead in New Guinea is shown by advices brought by the Miowera regarding a raid on the British possessions by the piratical natives, the Tugari tribe, from Dutch New Guinea. The police were warned by a messenger that a desperate attack was to be made on villages under their protection, and a squad of police met the pirates from Tugari at the mouth of the Morehead river. A severe fight on the water ensued, the police capturing or sinking five junks. No prisoners were taken, and it is said that in this encounter over 50 were shot or drowned. Afterward the Tugari made another raid on the Morehead river villages, killing at least 13 persons, whose remains were found. The police discovered the heads of the victims in canoes. The Miowera also brings advices from Queensland that a prospector named P. Killane has been killed, and, according to the belief of the ship's people, eaten by the natives. A report is brought of the discovery of gold in Samoa.

Many Find a Watery Grave.

Victoria, B. C., Dec. 29.—The steamer Rio Jun Maru brings news that the Japanese training ship Tsu Kishima Maru has been lost with all hands, numbering 121, near Namadzu, Japan. The steamer Inushima Maru was lost on December 8 by striking a rock in Alaska bay. A man was saved by a passing steamer, but the others were lost. From Osaka comes news that the bark Katokugawa Maru was lost off Tosa province with all on board on December 9.

Failed to Carry His Point.

Lexington, Ky., Dec. 29.—The resignation of D. W. Batson, dean of Kentucky Wesleyan college at Winchester, was accepted. His retirement is due to his opposition to the football team's playing on other gridirons. He asked the faculty to expel the members of the team. It refused and he resigned.